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Wildlife and Related Natural Resources

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA
MILLS E. GODWIN, JR., GOVERNOR

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COVER PICTURE: White Perch, by Carl "Spike" Knuth, Richmond, VA.

Editorial

ENDANGERED SPECIES: WHY WORRY ABOUT A SNAKE?

Increasingly, vanishing animals are the focus of conservation activity and citizen interest. Some species are widely-publicized and familiar, such as the bald eagle, or the peregrine falcon and brown pelican, both victims of DDT poisoning. Others are little-known, even little-loved.

Why worry about the indigo snake? the Key Largo woodrat? the Santa Cruz long-toed salamander? After all, the world will not end if they become extinct tomorrow. True. But something will end. Whether humans realize it or not, we respond to variety in our environment.

The city dweller is rarely aware of birds, for instance, partly because few species choose to live with humans -- perhaps only jays, pigeons and house sparrows. In the country, we respond to birds because of the variety, the cacaphony of song, the sudden flashes of brilliant color. Even the house sparrow looks different: cleaner, the jaunty white wing bars and eye-line may make us think we're seeing a strange new bird.

People's responses aside, the balance of the ecosystem depends on the chains of predator-prey relationships, the niches filled by specialized creatures, the spacing and overlapping of territories of a mixed-bag of species.

"What's it good for?" is a human question, irrelevant applied to wildlife. The question implies that all things must have a use directly recognizable to people. With this question we have conquered the world, annihilated species after species, cut down the forests, diverted streams, ripped up the earth.

But attitudes are changing. We see our world from space and know that it is a small round and beautiful water planet. It is finite. We are finite. These days, conservationists are not all woolly-faced trappers and funny old ladies in tennis shoes. They are not all extremists. They are not all bass fishermen. Many are young people, seeking in wilderness adventures lost for good in industrialized society. Some are philosophers, reaching back to the earth for peace and the lessons of balance that are the bedrock of all religions and systems. Most are simply people who have begun to recognize the connection between themselves and the total health of the environment, have begun to see that species death diminishes the whole world, upsets the balance and robs all things of life experience.

The world won't end if the Florida panther no longer ghosts through the Everglades. A piece of wildness will. A unique link in the chain of being will.

A very real spectre looms: a world inhabited only by people and their domestic animals. It would be a world of breed, kill and eat; a world of artificial environments where wildness exists only in the violence of people toward each other.

Protectors of the Sandhill crane and the crocodile are working for all people, working to keep variety in the wild, color, the connections of our existence intact. Current concern through legislation, rallies, petitions, information distribution celebrates and focuses on that critical, human work.

—Phoebe Wray
Executive Director
Endangered Species Productions, Inc.

Letters

GUEST EDITORIAL DEFENDED

Mr. H. W. Lehman's letter of November 12, 1975 to VIRGINIA WILDLIFE has been brought to my attention. You were offended by my guest editorial "Without Hunters, Who'd Pick Up the Tab?" I assure you, this was not meant to reflect any malevolence toward nonhunters - for I have none. Furthermore, I am highly aware that it is possible for hunters and nonhunters to share concern for the welfare of wildlife. I have close friends who are nonhunters to the bone, but yet are accomplished naturalists and dedicated conservationists.

In your note to VIRGINIA WILDLIFE, you commented that the subject budget was proposed by a "regrettable administration" and not by nonhunters. I disagree. The United States Congress is controlled by nonhunters (who are certainly the majority of the voting public) and our congress reflects the general

apathy of the public toward wildlife matters. This is apparent whenever efforts are made to increase the meagre wildlife budget. Recently, the Senate declared it impossible to provide the Bureau of Land Management with an additional \$2 million for wildlife this year. Yet, the Senate tacked on another \$44 million for solar research to the Energy Resource and Development Administration budget - even though the head of that agency had told the Appropriations Committee, "If you gave us more money, we would not know how to use it."

No, Mr. Lehman - as a nonhunter you may care deeply about wildlife. As a hunter, I also care deeply about wildlife. But believe me, the vast majority of the general public simply doesn't give a damn - and this towering indifference is reflected in the policies of our state and federal legislatures.

John Madson
Olin Corporation

MISSED MESSAGE

I can empathize with Mr. Sertphin (Feb., 1976 issue) concerning the disregard for trash and the bad impression it makes. I'm only sorry that the caliber of person who doesn't care enough to walk a few feet to a trash barrel probably wouldn't bother to subscribe to this magazine either, therefore missing the benefits of Mr. Sertphin's remarks.

Nell M. Alger
Broadway

I GOTTA CROW

On February 23, 1973, I entered a crow killing contest in Stafford County, when I was a resident there. I killed five crows with cross bills, two old ones and their three young ones.

J. B. Good
Appomattox



By PETE ELKINS
Lexington

The shad come with the yellow burst of forsythia. White shad and their smaller cousin, the hickory shad, are a springtime institution for southern anglers. Nowhere is this truer than along the shores of the historic Rappahannock River near Fredericksburg, Virginia. During the Civil War's bloody struggle, the Union General Burnside threw hasty pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock where anglers now stand each spring elbow-to-elbow to greet the silvery visitors from the sea.

Hickory shad provide the bulk of the Rappahannock's shad fishing, but the river is also an excellent producer of the larger white shad. The Rappahannock is as rich for the angler as it is for the historians. Above the fall line at Fredericksburg, smallmouth bass, rock bass, and redbreast sunfish are the most popular species. Below Fredericksburg, largemouth bass, crappie, and catfish are the primary game species. Near Tappahannock farther downriver, the freshwater species give way to salty gamesters: striped bass, or "rockfish" to Virginians, gray trout, spot, bluefish, and others.

Yet all of these species are ignored during that magic time when the winter is almost forgotten. From late March through April, the shad arrive from the sea, propelled by a mysterious instinct from the Chesapeake Bay to the city limits of Fredericksburg.

While the shad run is in full swing, the Rappahannock below the Falmouth Bridge on U.S. Route 1 is a shifting carpet of small boats filled with anglers deliriously battling high-jumping shad. The shores are lined

The Great

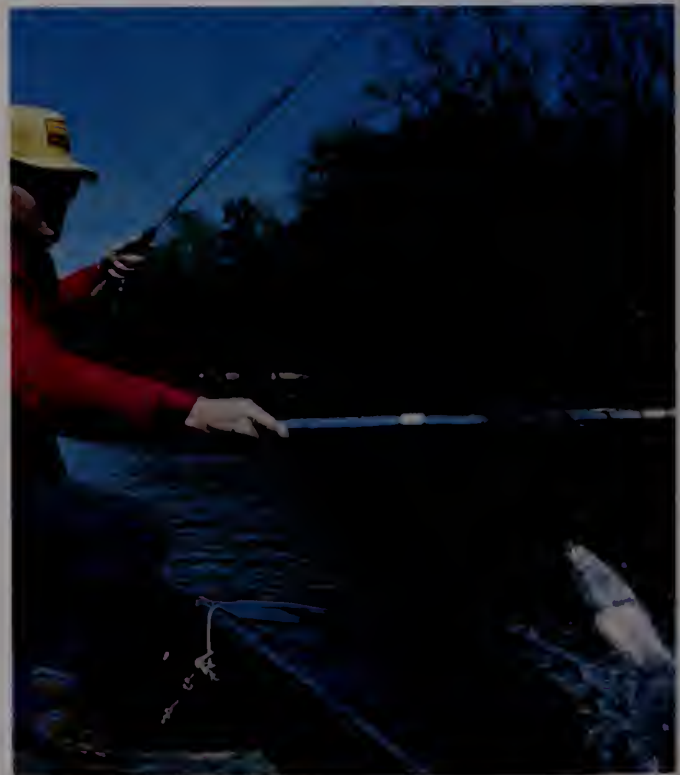
Each year the Rappahannock gives up its horde of glittering silver.

Top: A hefty stringer of shad from the Rappahannock
Center: Jumping shad provide plenty of action
Bottom: A battling shad comes to net



with fishermen, and everyone is catching fish.

However, a careful observer will note that some anglers are catching many more shad than others. The knowledgeable Rappahannock shad fisherman favors light or ultra-light spinning tackle with 4 or 6-pound test monofilament. This light line assures long lures with the light lines so deadly on shad. Light line also creates less drag in the sometimes swift current, allowing the lures, especially diminutive spoons, to run deeper.



VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

Silver Strike

Shad lures generally fall into two categories: "darts" and spoons. Shad "darts" are nothing more than tiny, angular-faced jigs with a wisp of bucktail around the single hook. Colors run the proverbial rainbow's gamut, but bright hues are the rule. Red and white or red and yellow combinations are consistently good.

Spoons used for shad are roughly an inch long, single hooked, and usually produce best if a florescent orange or red plastic bead is slipped on the line above the lure. Perhaps the favorite rig for Rappahannock shad anglers is a pair of darts, one on a short dropper line about 18 inches ahead of the other. Another common Rappahannock rig is a midget spoon on the terminal end with a dart trailing in front on a short dropper line.

Whatever the choice of lures, an erratic retrieve is normally most effective on the milling shad. However, like most fish, the shad can be somewhat fickle about retrieve styles. Even though a moderately fast, twitchy retrieve brings strikes on both darts and spoons, spoons are often more productive on a slower, steady retrieve. Remember that the current will affect the action of a spoon, so a slower retrieve should be utilized in fast current.

As a rule, shad strike fast on a rising tide, particularly in the deeper, slower water below the Falmouth Bridge at Fredericksburg. There, dead, low tide produces the slowest action. However, shad will strike even then, but not with the frantic abandon that they exhibit when the tide is running and alive.

Above the Falmouth Bridge, the Rappahannock is a series of fast riffles and ledges. These rapids are above the tidal effect; thus, the fishing is consistently good. Most boat-bound shad fishermen prefer to anchor in a proven spot and remain there on the well-founded theory that the shad are constantly on the move. Thus, reason the stationary boatmen, the shad will come to them. That's probably a valid thing. But there are times, particularly at low tide, when a bit of wanderlust will provide better action.

Access to the Rappahannock is available along both shores for the wading or riverside angler. Cartop boaters will find easy access directly behind a softball field and parking lot on the north bank of the river below the Falmouth Bridge.

Almost any small boat is suitable for the shad run. Johnboats and canoes are the most popular. Always carry life preservers and healthy respect for the swift



river. The Rappahannock is big during high water periods in early spring and can be dangerous for the foolish or the unwary.

Although the shad don't seem to mind the crowds, fishing is much more enjoyable on weekdays. Weekends during the peak of the season in April spawn huge crowds of boat anglers. Some of my best weekend shad action has come late in the season during the first part of May when most anglers have tired of the shad novelty. On one May Sunday morning, Ed Morris of Culpeper and I launched my johnboat behind the ball field at Falmouth.

To my pleasant surprise, the river was almost entirely ours. Only two or three other boats could be seen. Our first few casts connected. Ed had never fished for shad so I was eager to see his reaction to these explosive creatures. But his first one was even more than I expected.

Ed's ultra-light spinning rod tried for a perfect circle when the shad struck. Five minutes later the fish was still 30 feet from the boat and wouldn't come any closer. After continued efforts to move the stubborn shad failed, I lifted anchor, allowing the boat to drift toward the stationary shad. Ed reeled quickly to gain line. This tactic worked. When we netted the average-sized hickory, the reason for the mule-like resistance was explained: the shad had been foul-hooked in the tail. In the swift current, the extra leverage had been too much for Ed's toy rod.

The remainder of the morning was filled with slashing shad. To Ed's relief, no other shad fought such an unyielding fight. When we finally laid aside our rods at noon, our stringer was embarrassingly heavy.

There are no guides who specialize in shad fishing, but Reggie Chesley's Tackle Shop on Pelham Street in Fredericksburg, keeps its fingers on the pulse of the shad run. A stop in his shop will net up-to-date information on places, conditions, and lures.

By mid-May, the shad have completed their spawning and begin their return to the sea. After that, the river at Fredericksburg still has excellent fishing, but its magic is gone until the next year when the Rappahannock spring again brings the shad.

Ferns and Fantasy

By JUDY PRICE
Deerfield

Born in the spring, some come bare and blushing, some dressed in woolen finery, and some in brown fur cloaks. The tiny green flesh pushes through the earth coiled and tender, rising from the rootstock below. The stem begins to unfurl as it is caressed by the warmth of the season, and the fiddlehead reaches outward and upward, stretching and climbing to complete its growth, to become the frond, to create the fern.

Ferns are as young and fresh as the spring, and as aged and mysterious as the oldest of the land plants. Their ancestors are known to have existed 240 million years ago, dominating the swamp forests of the coal age as large and shrubby trees. They are descendants of marine plants, and ancestors of those that flower. Some have evolved and adapted to become the embellishment of the birch forests and the oak forests of the present.

Much is known today of fern species: their predecessors, reproduction, and structure. Fossils have been gathered and studied to determine their history; their origins have been explored. They have been propagated in laboratories, in classrooms, and on windowsills. The most minute details of their systems have been reproduced on pages and their workings have been examined and reviewed by botanists and other students of life. Information is constantly being collected and compiled for research.

Mystery surrounds the fern. Legend lingers though the truth has been told. Strange beliefs have passed to the present from the darkness of the past. A mythology of ferns has been inspired by the imaginative minds of bygone dreamers. And each woodland wanderer builds upon it, and envisions one of his own.

It was not until the 1840's that the reproduction of ferns was explained. Before that time, and even after, tales were told of fern flowers and of illusive and invisible fern seeds. One legend tells that the fern did bloom, as any other flower, until the time of the nativity. It says as that happening took place, the plants that grew on the floor of the stable began to blossom, all but the fern. And so that fern, and every fern, was condemned to remain flowerless forever after.

The fact that ferns are, and have been, surely even before the nativity, flowerless, has caused concern and bewilderment, and has given rise to a fern mythology. During the Middle Ages it was believed that, since there was no other obvious means of fern reproduction, a fern seed did exist, and that it was invisible. This led to

the understanding that if the seed could be located and gathered, the finder would then have the power to make himself invisible. Apparently no one ever found the fern seed for there is no well-founded record of invisible beings.

During the same period, a tale was told of a blue flower that blossomed only on St. John's Day (June 24th) and gave forth golden seed that ripened at midnight. Believers of this story, on that same night, would go to a place abundant in ferns, spread their white cloths beneath the fronds, and utter prayers and incantations to draw the seed forth, thinking that ferns possessed the same habit of fruiting.

Ferns, however, are not flowering plants, and not bearers of seed, invisible or otherwise. They are spore-producing, and they are begun by what is known as an alternation of generations. One generation is sexual and the next asexual. The tiny bit of green, the prothallium, that is born from the fallen spore holds the reproductive organs of the plant. Fertilization takes place on its lower surface. From this, the fern develops, first as small fronds, obscurely designed, and then as larger, more intricately sculptured fronds, some of which bear spores to begin the birth of another plant.

The fertile fronds of the fern differ with the kind observed. Most produce tiny fruit dots, or spore cases, on the underside of the leaves. Others, such as the sensitive fern, send up a beaded cluster fertile frond, full of spores, and completely original in form from its sterile leaves. The interrupted fern shows its fruit-bearing fronds as it unrolls; unwinding to reveal the ebony shriveled leaflets that hold the spores.

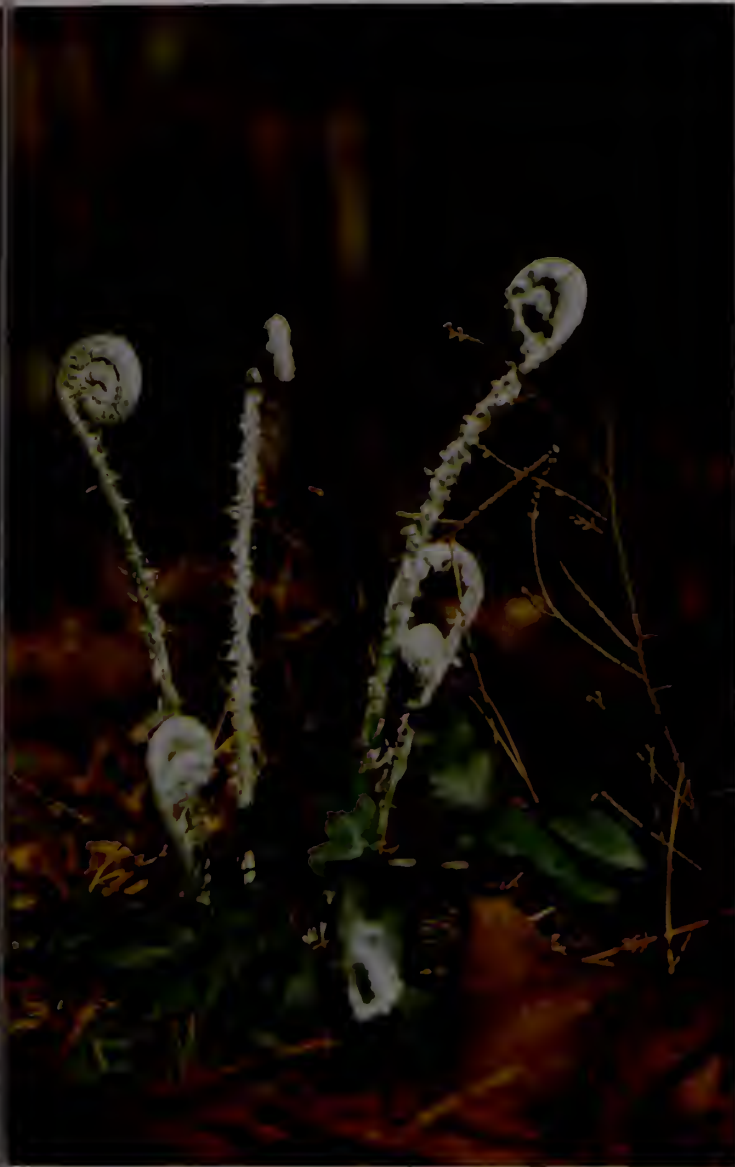
Ferns have been attributed with powers virtuous and vile. They have been both blamed and blessed for these; sometimes named for them. The adder's tongue fern supposedly had poisonous qualities and killed not only the animals which consumed it but the grass with which it grew. The small *moonwort* was alleged to open locked doors if inserted into keyholes. It was also written that a horse would lose its shoes if once it trod where the *moonwort* grew.

The generic name, *osmunda*, of the royal fern, is one laced with legend. One story is of a man, an Osmund, who delivered his wife and young daughter from harm by hiding them on an island plush with royal ferns, and so when the child grew, she gave the protecting ferns the greatest honor and called them after her father. There are yet other tales of this name, and still no certainty of its origin.

As many other wild plants were believed to have

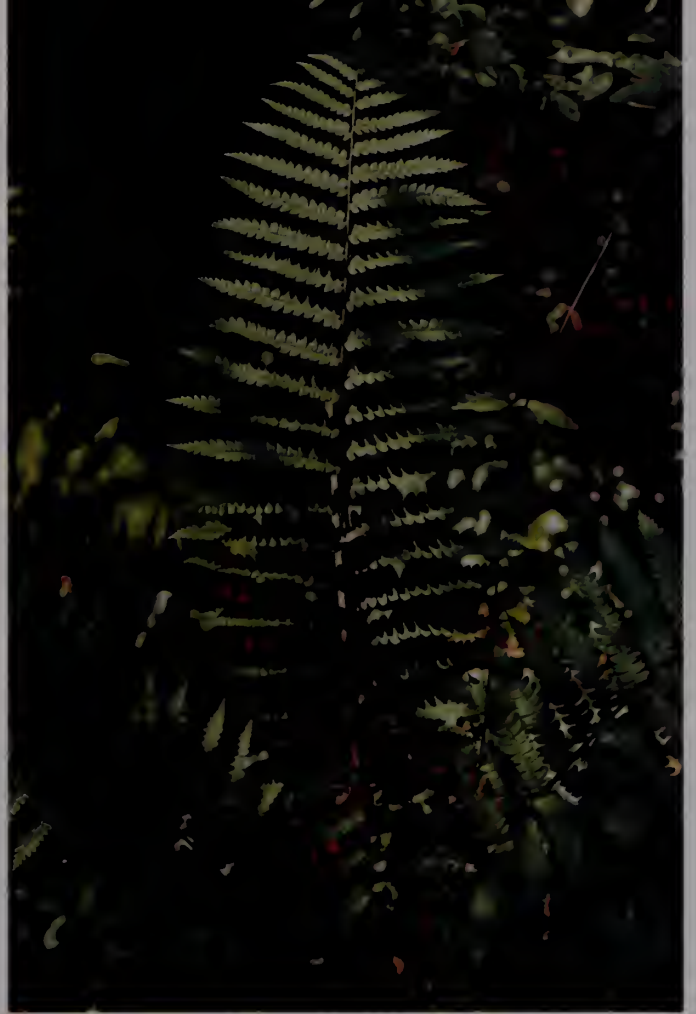
(continued on page 24)

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Christmas Fern fiddleheads (*Polystichum acrostichoides*)

A mythology of ferns has been inspired by the imaginative minds of bygone dreamers.



Cinnamon Fern (*Osmunda cinnamomea*)



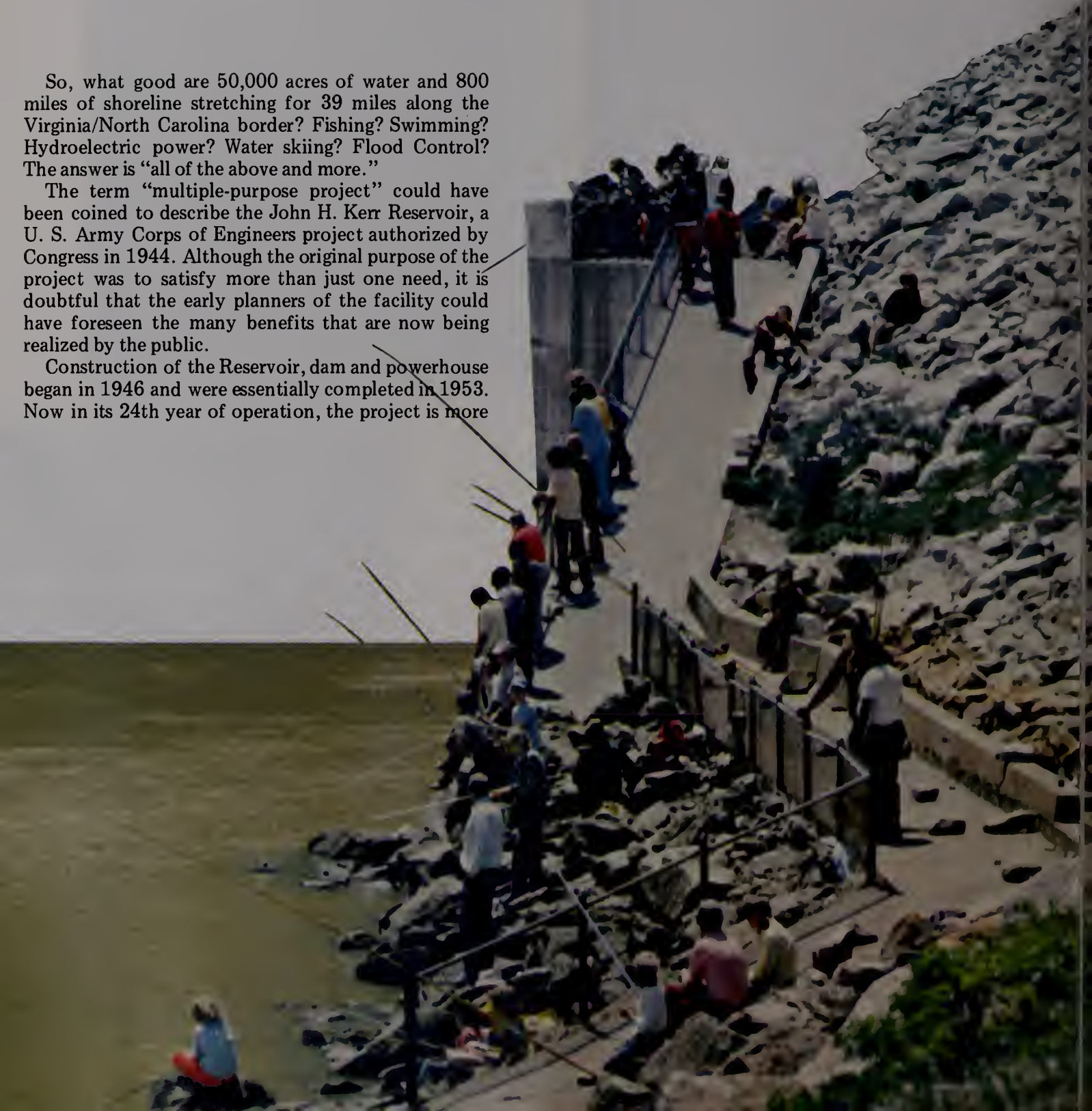
Ebony Spleenwort (*Asplenium platyneuron*)

Kerr: Virginia's Versatile Playground

So, what good are 50,000 acres of water and 800 miles of shoreline stretching for 39 miles along the Virginia/North Carolina border? Fishing? Swimming? Hydroelectric power? Water skiing? Flood Control? The answer is "all of the above and more."

The term "multiple-purpose project" could have been coined to describe the John H. Kerr Reservoir, a U. S. Army Corps of Engineers project authorized by Congress in 1944. Although the original purpose of the project was to satisfy more than just one need, it is doubtful that the early planners of the facility could have foreseen the many benefits that are now being realized by the public.

Construction of the Reservoir, dam and powerhouse began in 1946 and were essentially completed in 1953. Now in its 24th year of operation, the project is more



desirable and necessary than ever. The current realization of resource shortages serves to remind us of the value of our land, water and forest resources. The benefits of Kerr Reservoir will undoubtedly become even more valuable in the years ahead.

John H. Kerr Reservoir was designed to prevent or lessen damage from flooding in the lower basin of the Roanoke River. Since its completion, the Dam has prevented over \$17 million in flood damage. The most recent demonstration of the Dam's flood control capabilities occurred during the aftermath of Hurricane Agnes in July 1972. During that storm Kerr Dam prevented an estimated \$12 million in damage.

The production of hydroelectric power is another function of Kerr Reservoir. Each year an average of 438 million kilowatt hours of electricity are produced in the powerhouse at Kerr.

Although recreation was not mentioned by Congress in authorizing Kerr Reservoir, it is becoming increasingly important. Over 3 million visitors come to Kerr each year to seek some form of recreation. In order to meet this demand, 10900 acres of land are outgranted to other agencies and organizations for recreational purposes.

Another side benefit of Kerr Reservoir is the flow of "products" from over 50,000 acres of forest land around the reservoir. These forest lands are managed to produce wildlife, recreation, timber and aesthetic values. These are compatible uses and can be managed to reach full potential by professional foresters.

Virtually all 61,000 acres of fee-owned land at Kerr are open to public hunting. A wildlife biologist is employed at Kerr Reservoir to plan and direct a viable wildlife management program. The North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission along with the Virginia Commission of Game & Inland Fisheries are consulted for their advice on improving wildlife resources of this project.

The fisheries resources at Kerr are also jointly managed by wildlife agencies and the Corps of Engineers. The success of this management is reflected in the outstanding fishing success in the reservoir. Land-locked striped bass have flourished in Kerr waters, and the Virginia state record for this fish weighing 33 lbs 8 oz was caught in the tailwaters of the reservoir in 1973.

The John H. Kerr Reservoir gives us flood control, pollution-free electrical power, recreation, forest resources, fish and wildlife benefits, and pays its own way. Stretching across two Virginia and two North Carolina counties, it is a resource whose benefits have yet to be realized.

Information for this article provided by the Resource Management Section, U. S. Engineer District, Wilmington, N. C. Additional information on the Kerr Dam and Reservoir, and a map of the area is available on request from the Reservoir Manager, John H. Kerr Reservoir, Route 1, Box 76, Boydton, VA 23917.



Kerr Reservoir provides ideal conditions for all types of water related activities. Above: water skiing. Below: A family canoes.



Below: Corps employee installing duck box.



Personalities

by F. N. Satterlee



John P. Randolph
Commissioner, Fourth Congressional District

Although Baltimore, Maryland was his place of birth, most of Jack Randolph's "growing up years" were spent in New Jersey. He recalls that nearly from the time that he could walk he spent many delightful hours on the seashore which was just a block and one half from his home. It was here that his early love for fishing was fostered. He grew up without the companionship of a father, but fortuitously two local sportsmen included the young lad in their trips afield and afloat. With great fondness, Jack recalls the patience and kindness shown him and the outdoor wisdom which he received from Abe Poland, an expert fisherman and a farmer named Raymond Cottrell, who was a genius at the art of hunting fox and coon.

After graduating from high school in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, Jack worked at a variety of jobs, all of which were oriented to wildlife and the outdoors. It was during this period that he began writing about, and through radio and T.V., telling about the Hunting and Fishing Experience. This activity continued when he entered the U.S. Army in connection with the Korean War. Following completion of OCS in 1952 at Ft. Riley, Kansas, the then Lt. Randolph served both in

Japan and Korea. From that time until his retirement as a Lt. Colonel in 1971, Randolph enjoyed a wide variety of assignments throughout the world. During his travels he continued to write about his outdoor experiences for major outdoor publications, an activity which he continues today.

Jack's return to Virginia after leaving the military "was a natural," for he had grown to love the Old Dominion while serving both at Fort Lee and Arlington Hall Station in Northern Virginia. An additional incentive was due to the fact that his late wife was the former Catherine Brodie of Hopewell. In July 1972, Randolph was appointed by the then Governor Holton to the Game Commission, representing the Fourth Congressional District. He is extremely proud to serve in this capacity for it enables him to draw upon his past experiences in helping to keep the multiplicity of issues facing today's sportsmen in the proper perspective. Jack Randolph continually gives of himself in an attempt to foster and perpetuate the marvelous and virtually indescribable mystique which is the outdoor experience of hunting, fishing and being in tune with nature.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

NATIONAL HUNTING AND FISHING SURVEY SPONSORED BY U. S. FISH AND WILDLIFE

SERVICE. Every five years since 1955 the U. S. Department of the Interior has sponsored this study of fishing and hunting in the United States. This year National Analysts of Philadelphia is conducting the study. The study consists of a telephone screening phase, now underway, and a follow-up self-enumerative mail questionnaire. A computer generated sample of 2000 households in every state will be interviewed by telephone through March 1976. Also in March, and running through July 1976, questionnaires will be sent to 1000 sportsmen in each state by National Analysts, Inc. of Philadelphia requesting information concerning their hunting and fishing activities during 1975. Every response is important to the success of this program which is geared to the perpetuation of hunting and fishing opportunities.

STRIPED BASS CITATION SIZE INCREASED TO FIFTEEN POUNDS. The spectacular manner in which fishermen have been catching striped bass in Virginia waters in recent years is a success story. So much so that, after 14 years of issuing Citations for 10 lb. stripers, the Game Commission is upping the size limit to 15 lbs. in an effort to more realistically accentuate what are now considered to be "citation size" fish. During the calendar year of 1975 (January to December) a total of 550 citations were issued for stripers in the 10 pound category; which is currently the minimum size. Of that total over 39 of the fish weighed in at over 20 lbs. and 136 were certified as weighing more than 15 lbs.

In 1975, a total of 1,991 citations were issued to sportsmen for the citation size fish caught within the framework of the program, which encompasses 23 species. State records for the fish include: Brook Trout 4 lb. 2 oz.; Brown Trout 14 lb. 6 oz.; Rainbow Trout 10 lb. 12 lb.; Carp 60 lbs.; Channel Cat 30 lb. 3 oz.; Crappie 4 lb. 14 oz.; Flathead Cat 57 lb.; Gar 20 lbs. 8 oz.; Grindle (Bowfin) 17 lb. 8 oz.; Kentucky Bass 5 lb. 12 oz.; Lake Trout 5 lb. 6 oz.; Largemouth Bass 14 lb. 2 oz.; Muskellunge 31 lb. 8 oz.; Northern Pike 18 lb. 5 oz.; Chain Pickerel 8 lb. 4 oz.; Rock Bass 2 lb. 2 oz.; Smallmouth Bass 8 lb.; Striped Bass 39 lb. 8 oz.; Sunfish (Redear) 4 lb. 8 oz.; Sunfish (Bluegill) 4 lb. 8 oz.; Walleye 22 lb. 8 oz.; White Bass 4 lb.; Yellow Perch 2 lb. 4 oz.; White Perch 2 lb. 4 oz.; Coho Salmon 8 lb. 12 oz.; Sauger 5 lb. 8 oz.

SNOW GOOSE SURVEY '76 COMPLETED BY GAME BIOLOGISTS. Virginia Game Commission biologists working on land, from boats and in the air have concluded a survey of snow goose hunting in the Back Bay area of Virginia. This past season, 1975, was the first year since 1933 that hunters have been able to take snow geese. Results of the study indicate that a total of 490 snows were taken in the Back Bay area, the state's primary snow goose shooting region. The birds were hunted for 26 days (22 week days and 4 Saturdays). Hunters took 340 geese on the bay and another 150 in nearby fields.

DOGWOOD

When legislators locked horns in 1918 to select the state flower of Virginia, the fragile dogwood flower almost lost out. By a margin of a single vote, this tough little tree edged out its closest competitor, the Virginia creeper.

Since that time the flowering dogwood (*Cornus florida*) has become a treasured natural resource in the Old Dominion. While it has long been appreciated for its beautiful appearance in spring, Virginians have grown to appreciate its value not only to man, but to wildlife as well.

In late March and early April, the flowering dogwood begins to bloom. Its snowy petal-like bracts unfold to reveal a small clump of tightly clustered greenish-white flowers, which are the true flower of the dogwood. The flat, cross-shaped bracts that are so admired are really only the covers which protect the flower bud prior to blossoming. The bracts of the dogwood range in color from snowy white to pink, occasionally even appearing in a rose red variety. The pink variety is most often utilized in gardening and ornamental landscaping.

Although there are 17 varieties of dogwood that are found in the United States, all are shrubs except for one Pacific coast variety and the flowering dogwood we know so well. The flowering variety attains a

maximum height of from four to twelve feet, growing slowly, its branches twisted and irregular, appearing gnarled and old.

From tidewater on up to 4,400 feet above sea level in the Blue Ridge Mountains, the flowering dogwood flourishes in the Old Dominion. It favors fertile moist soil, usually along the edge of a woods, along streams, roadsides or fencerows. It develops best as an understory species, amongst other hardwood trees.

Speaking of hard wood, the scrubby dogwood has been favored for centuries for the quality of wood it provides. During the early settlement of the American continent, dogwood was known as "arrow-wood" or "Indian arrow-wood", as it was frequently used in the making of arrow shafts. In more recent times, the wood was found to have further industrial value, because it does not roughen with use. Textile manufacturers preferred it for cogs and spindles. It has been used for tool handles, engraver's blocks and for inlaying in fine cabinet work.

Because of its wide popularity in industry, a state law was enacted in Virginia limiting extensive cutting of the tree. It is now unlawful to cut a flowering dogwood tree that is less than six inches in diameter at ground level.

Man is not the only species that enjoys the benefits of the flowering dogwood. Wildlife of all kinds find the sturdy tree an invaluable source of food. Upland game birds, song-

birds, waterfowl, small mammals like chipmunks and white-footed mice, and fur and game animals like deer, bear, beaver, rabbit, skunk and fox, search out the dogwood in the fall and early winter when food supplies are becoming scarce.

In the summer, after the snowy white bracts and greenish-white flowers have disappeared from the plant, the dogwood develops its fruit; red fleshy berries with hard seeds in their centers, that remain on the trees well into winter. It is this fruit that provides such a valuable food source for wildlife. Besides the berries, the dogwood's foliage and wood are utilized by some wildlife species as browse. Wildlife biologists consider the flowering dogwood tree one of the more valuable species to plant for shrub borders, hedgerows and field edges in the eastern United States.

The propagation of the dogwood is also enhanced by its use as a wildlife food source. Consumed with the fruit of the tree, the seeds are subsequently dropped some distance from fruit-bearing trees, thus aiding the continuation of the species.

Like the animals and plants that surround it, the flowering dogwood is a useful and necessary part of its environment. It may be a state emblem, but it is more than just another pretty flower. —GXH



L. Walton
1975



Carolyn Deborah Smallwood

Studio-residence: Route No. 2, Box 122A

Carolyn Deborah Smallwood is a member of the National Wildlife Federation, the Southern Maryland Council of the Arts.

The 27-year-old, self-taught artist lives with her husband, William Medford, and the two children. She paints birds and animals she paints.

In addition to exhibiting her paintings throughout Maryland and Northern Virginia, she is an illustrator for several magazines.



J. Hallwood Medford

Medford, Md. 20607. Phone: (301) 283-2088

Member of the Southern Md. Audubon Society, the
Maryland Art League, and the Fairfax County

lives near the 1750-acre Piscataway Park, where she,
and her children are surrounded by many of the

local wildlife, dogs, and horses at art shows
and Debby "free-lances" as a writer and





Back To Ivy Branch

By BOB GOOCH
Troy

It had been more than five years since I had last made that trek down the steep slope of the Blue Ridge, and now I was almost apprehensive as we approached the noisy little mountain creek. So much had happened since my last visit — flood waters that had ripped up the beds of many streams, an exploding population frantically seeking the out-of-doors, long periods of unseasonably dry weather, and crippling snowstorms.

But that little mountain stream, protected by the rich forests of the Shenandoah National Park, had endured. Not a single boulder was out of place.

I could hardly wait to get into my waders and sample that deep pool upstream — the one guarded by a giant boulder.

And what about the fishing? How had it fared? Would those richly colored little brook trout hit as recklessly as they had five years ago? This time my companion was Chuck McClaugherty, my soon to be son-in-law.

We were on an overnight trip to the stream. Our car was parked just off of the Skyline Drive, a good hike back up the mountain. That's the toughest part of this fishing — packing out at the end of the trip. It was still early afternoon so we had plenty of time to set up camp with lots of daylight left for fishing. The daily limit is five trout 8 inches in length or longer, and a limit comes quickly if the fish are hitting well.

Level ground on which to pitch a tent is precious in the rugged Blue Ridge Mountains, but we found a

reasonably good sit well back from the stream. We cleared away the loose debris, but would have to rely upon our sleeping bags and pads for protection from some rough spots on the forest floor.

Chuck's colorful red and blue two-man tent went up in a jiffy. Next we unrolled our sleeping bags, and strung our packs and food in a convenient tree away from animals and insects. A snug camp set up, we broke out our fishing tackle and waders.

It was early April and the trout season had been open for just a few days, but the bitter weather which had plagued opening day anglers was now warm and balmy. Chuck decided to wade wet, wearing canvas top shoes to protect his feet and ankles from rocks and boulders. I like dry feet if at all possible so had packed a pair of light stocking-foot waders. They take up a minimum of space in a pack and are reasonably durable so long as you avoid briars or other snags. Over the waders I wore heavy ankle-height tennis shoes.

"Let's leapfrog upstream," I suggested to Chuck. "From my experience the fishing is better up there. You go a hundred yards upstream, and I'll start here." Chuck quickly disappeared around a bend and I started fishing near camp.

Instead of conventional fly tackle we were fishing with ultralight spinning outfits with 2-pound test lines. Fly tackle is effective, but the stream is narrow and lined with brush. The lack of room for a back cast makes much of it hard to work with a fly rod.

The little spinning rod is short and easy to handle in the close quarters. When fishing wet flies I simply clamp on a tiny split shot which provides the necessary

casting weight. I rarely fish with dry flies on these tiny streams, but they are effective and exciting. A plastic bubble can be snapped on the line for casting dry flies. Only artificial lures with single hooks can be fished in the Shenandoah National Park streams.

The stream was wide and shallow near camp, a good 25 yards of fast riffles. I doubted that the trout would be in the riffles so early in the afternoon, but fished them anyway. That way I would give Chuck plenty of time to get ahead of me.

I like to work these clear, fast waters upstream. The trout usually lie facing into the current, and so are less spooky when approached from behind. And since the stream bed drops rapidly the angler fishing upstream is often below the fish, and always less conspicuous.

I made a few half-hearted and fruitless casts into the riffles as I worked slowly upstream. But my adrenalin churned a bit when I spotted a debris-lined hole at the head of the riffle. The water looked fishy.

Years before a big tree had fallen across the stream, but the water and weather-worn trunk were still intact. Debris had collected above it, and the fast water swirling beneath it had bored a deep, dark hole. I studied it from a distance, and then aimed a cast for the water just below the log. My tiny lure landed on the log, but fortunately I was able to flick it off into the water. It sank quickly as I took up the slack.

Wham! The strike came almost immediately. The little fish fought doggedly in typical brook trout fashion. I didn't crowd it, letting the rod do its work. There was no hurry. It was a joy to be in a high headwaters stream, knee deep in a singing little creek surrounded by a virgin forest and not another person in sight.

The trout was not a keeper—though a bit over 7 inches. I took a moment to admire its natural beauty—rich wormlike markings on its back, bright orange spots along its burnished copper-colored flanks, and its bright orange fins tinged with creamy white. Its tail was chopped square in typical brook trout fashion. Few fish can match the little native brookie for color. I was sure there were other trout in the hole, but I couldn't interest them.

My next fish came from a tiny pool beneath a chunky boulder that rested in mid-stream. Here too the water had carved a deep, but narrow hole in the stream bed. The fish hit just as I was lifting the lure from the water for another cast. It fought savagely, but neither I nor the fish had much room for maneuvering. The battle ended quickly, and a good 8-incher went into my creel. During the next hour or so I caught a half dozen trout, all too small to keep but exciting to fish for.

Finally, there was a long, deep, hemlock-shaded pool; difficult to fish because it had no concealed approach. I stayed out of sight and winged a tiny Coachman into the pool with an awkward side-arm cast. The first cast was short, barely hitting the tail of

the pool. I worked it quickly back and tried again. This time I was on target and the lure plopped on the mirror-like surface. I let the lure settle, took up the slack and cranked the reel handle a couple of times. Nothing happened. Again I stopped, cranked, stopped and reeled again. The lure was now in shallow water, but suddenly there was a flash of gold behind it. I missed.

Heartened, I cast again. This time the lure hadn't traveled 2 feet when the fish hit. Now we had room for a fight and the spunky trout took full advantage of it. The wand-like rod danced and bowed as the fish darted and lunged about the pristine pool. Eventually, I led it to the side of the pool and skidded it out on a small sand bar. This one was a keeper all right—a good 9-incher. It joined the first trout in my creel and I was nearing the halfway mark toward my limit.

I glanced up and saw Chuck working a long hole near a rocky cliff just ahead. I decided to check on his luck. He was having trouble adjusting to the light spinning rod I had lent him, but was now getting the hang of it. In the process he had landed a couple of undersized fish and a nice keeper that graced his creel.

The fishing picked up as the shadows lengthened. Limits came quickly as the sun disappeared. We hurried back to camp for a late dinner. I was anxious to get out of my cold waders, and into warm trousers and shoes.

Darkness enveloped us as we swallowed the final bites of tasty steaks, but soon stars were twinkling. We slid into warm sleeping bags, and it seemed I had just dozed off when a cold dawn was creeping into the tent.

By the time we washed the breakfast dishes the sun was beaming some warmth into the mountain valley, and we were anxious to try the morning fishing. As we anticipated the fish had moved into the shallows to feed during the morning and we did not have to work as hard for limits. We were back in camp by mid-morning for final cups of coffee — and the long hike to our car.

There are over 30 trout streams in the Shenandoah National Park—all equally good for the native brook trout. A list of the streams can be obtained by writing The Shenandoah National Park, Luray, Va. 22835. The special park trout season opens at noon on the first Saturday in April and continues through October 15. The angler needs a regular Virginia fishing license, but does not need a trout license as the streams are not stocked.

Good maps are essential for exploring the Shenandoah National Park streams. They can be obtained from the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, 1718 N. St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Maps are also available at the various camp supply stores in the Park.

Anglers seem to favor parking on the Skyline Drive and hiking down the mountain to the streams, but they can be reached from below—near the Park boundaries. I couldn't help but wonder if this might not have been a good idea as I shouldered my pack and glanced up the long, steep trail.



Edited by GAIL HACKMAN

"If one life can be saved, it will be worth all the time and expense that is put into this program," states Sgt. Robert Williams of the Alleghany County Sheriff Department.

The program is the Hunter Safety Education Course taught to students in the Alleghany County School System. Sgt. Williams has taught over 3,000 children the Hunter Safety Course.

Alleghany County is not alone in its efforts to promote Hunter safety. Throughout the state the program is being implemented in school systems and through sportsmen's clubs. A class of sixth and seventh grade Physical Education students of York Academy in Shackleford, combined their Hunter Safety program with a Home Firearms Responsibility Course. In addition, a lecture on Virginia firearms laws was presented.

Good hunter training can result in successful hunting seasons for young and old alike. Spring may have arrived and fall hunting seasons closed, but the memories of fall big game kills still live in the memories of at least two Virginia youths. Kenneth S. Barden of Chesterfield County, a senior at Clover Hill High School bagged a large 6-point buck in Charles City County in late 1975. He was hunting at the time with the Ponderosa Hunt Club off U. S. Rte 5.

Randy Pennington, 13, of Bastion shot a 30 pound turkey on Brushy Mountain in mid-November. For any age that's quite a trophy.

With the advent of warmer weather, it is time for boating families to prepare for another summer on or around the water. This year, why not prepare for the season by taking the Game Commission's home study course "VIRGINIA BETTER BOATING: A Guide to Safety Afloat." The course is designed for persons who do not live in areas offering formal boating safety courses. The course includes chapters on watercraft, sailboating, equipment, operation, rules of the road, navigation aids, compasses, weather, knots, mooring, water-sports, first aid and



Doug
Smith
75.

Douglas Smith, also 13, of Fairfax, has had his own "brush" with the wily wild turkey. Of course he used a different weapon to capture his "trophy."

skipper's duties. After completing the course, an examination may be taken and sent in to the Game Commission for scoring. If the score is passing, the student receives a certificate recognizing him as a safe boater. The home study course VIRGINIA BETTER BOATING is

available from the Virginia Game Commission, PO Box 11104, Richmond, VA 23230, for \$1.00. The course is a good review for preparing for the new boating season. It would be a good family project for rainy weekends, or a project that could be shared by two or more boating families.

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Fringed Phacelia

by ELIZABETH MURRAY

Charlottesville

Illustrated by Lucile Walton

When my mother came to visit me from England, I took her down to the spring wildflower meetings in the Smoky Mountains. We have many good memories of that trip, but I think one of the best was the sight of a whole mountain hillside covered with fringed phacelia. This plant is spectacular when it grows as a big carpet over a wide area, and it is just as rewarding when you get up close and look at a single flower.

Fringed phacelia, *Phacelia fimbriata*, is a mountain flower belonging essentially to the southern Appalachians from Virginia to Alabama. It is not all that widespread but when it does occur, it often forms these striking masses of bloom covering as much as an acre. The plants are small, 6 to 20 inches high with slightly hairy, divided leaves. The flowers are arranged at the top of the stem in a loose coil supposed to resemble the tail of a scorpion, whence the common name of the genus, scorpion weed. The corolla is bell-shaped with five open lobes deeply notched into fringes. It is usually white but may sometimes be pale blue or lilac. There are five stamens and a two-cleft style, stamens and style projecting beyond the corolla. The plants are annuals, that is, they grow each year from the seed which matured and fell from the plants at the end of the preceding year.

Although I have never seen it suggested anywhere that Phacelia be eaten, true waterleaf, *Hydrophyllum*, has been used as a potherb. John Torrey, the famous nineteenth century botanist, records that the leaves were cooked as greens in New York state under the common name John's cabbage. The Iroquois Indians also used the young leaves. In some early manuals dishes prepared from waterleaf are referred to as "Shawanese Salads" and the plants can apparently be served raw or cooked. One author cautions that leaves must be boiled twice and the first water discarded. This is common practice with a number of wild plants used as greens, and removes what might otherwise give the vegetables a slightly bitter taste. The aquatic genus *Hydrolea* is eaten in the East Indies but not in this country. The leaves are very bitter and are occasionally crushed to a pulp and used as a poultice.

Actually I do not have any desire to eat any member of this family, and especially not the delicate and attractive *Phacelia fimbriata*. It is not all that common in the state, but if you do find it, the chances are that you will find a great big mass of it, so do be sure and give it all the admiration it deserves.





To Fool A Turkey

By CAROLINE BOKINSKY

Manakin

To many hunters the most satisfying reward of a long day in the field is to deceive the notorious wild turkey. Cautious and shy, he is among the most elusive of the game birds, with an uncanny ability to detect an intruder at a distance safe enough to allow for a sure retreat. If the turkey senses danger approaching, he prefers to run, and that failing, his agility at quick flight can save him. The keen senses of the turkey usually allow him to outwit man, and contribute spice to the great sport of wild turkey hunting. Returning home at the end of a hunt with the great bird over his shoulder is a pleasure for any hunter, but it is the long and arduous battle of enticing the turkey that stimulates so many hunters to follow the sport.

The wild turkey hunter has tried many devices to lure the turkey into shooting distance. Some have succeeded, but most have failed. The old standby method of finding their favorite feeding ground, making the perfect camouflage and cautiously "yelping", no matter how well done, still leaves many a nimrod with an empty bag. In Roanoke Rapids,

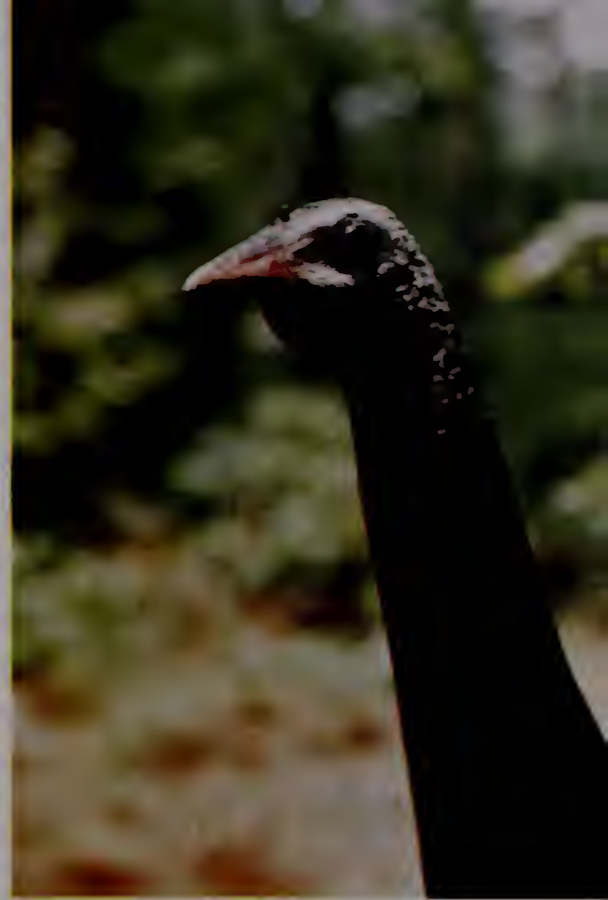
North Carolina, however, Rupert T. Hardy has come up with something different - a wild turkey decoy that works. To many enthusiastic hunters of the wild turkey who know his cunning ways, the decoy would seem unsuitable. But as 20 years' experience with his decoy has shown, Mr. Hardy has found that he can finally overcome this wild bird. A turkey hunter for 45 years, he knows the mannerisms and habits of the wild turkey. When he began turkey hunting, he admits it became so much a part of his life that he soon devoted all of his spare time to the sport. The enigma of it caught him and, because of his fascination with the bird and the compelling drive of the sport, Mr. Hardy was able to learn every aspect and habit of what Benjamin Franklin proposed as America's national bird.

On the mantle of his living room he has one of the decoys displayed. He refers affectionately to that particular decoy as his pride and joy, since it has accompanied him on many hunts and has brought him many rewards. It is the end result of 20 years' work at designing a decoy.

He brought out the original model as he explained to me that he and a friend initiated the project from an idea. That first decoy has a wire frame with a painted papier maché covering. It was too heavy and cumbersome to carry for miles through the woods, so Mr. Hardy created something lighter. Through the years of trial and many errors, he finally came up with his present decoy, which he is marketing.

The decoy he now uses is made of Exloid, a wood-like material that is formed in a plaster mold. The body is made in one piece and the head in a separate mold. Casting the head from a mold of an actual turkey makes the decoy amazingly life-like. He led me to the kitchen and opened up his freezer where a few turkey heads were frozen, specifically for making molds. He uses only perfect heads from perfect fowls.

The head is attached to the body and puttied and dabbled to give the appearance of neck feathers on the finished product. Mounted on a stand, the decoy is painted to reveal the feather highlights and the features of the head. A total of six



hours is required from start to finish on the Exloid decoy itself, which is extended into a week for drying and painting. Some decoys have a layer of papier maché over the Exloid, requiring more time (and expense) to perfect, but Mr. Hardy feels the improved finish makes the effort worthwhile.

Although the decoy is light-weight (about 1½ to 3 pounds) and easy to maneuver with its removable stand, Mr. Hardy uses a custom-made canvas bag for transporting it. The carrying bag not only allows for easier portability, but also helps protect the finish from being scratched on limbs or rocks.

Along with his decoy Mr. Hardy uses a net covered with evergreens for camouflage. It takes only a few minutes to set up and has proven to be very effective. Once hidden behind the net, and with the decoy about 10 to 20 yards away, he starts calling the turkeys. His favorite turkey calls are wing bones and diaphragms. He claims the turkey will talk to the decoy, as if it were a potential mate.

The decoy is just as successful in spring hunting as in winter hunting. In the spring the toms are looking for mates and instinct overrules their keen perception. Their interest is directed toward finding a female, lessening their awareness, and so they fall for the decoy more easily. During the winter the hunter must match his wits against a different turkey. More care must be used with his camouflage. The decoy should appear to a passing lonely turkey as a companion. The hunter is pitted against a smart alert bird with an acute per-

ception for danger, and trying to survive. It is at this time of year that the turkey is best known for his wariness.

Mr. Hardy has found his wild turkey decoy to be quite successful. The gobblers seem to congregate around the decoy and at times have even damaged it. As for hunting, the turkeys are drawn within good range, allowing for a more accurate target. Many times has Mr. Hardy seen a wounded turkey fly into the woods, out of sight and lost to the hunter, only to suffer and probably die from a long, inaccurate shot. The anxious novice hunter will be better assured of a killing head shot at closer range.

Having hunted these elusive birds for 40 years, not only in North Carolina but also in Virginia. (where he enjoyed some of the best wild turkey hunting) Mr. Hardy now enjoys most observing them, and especially their reactions to the decoy. A tom may strut around it thinking it is a hen during mating season, fanning his showy tail. On occasion a turkey will become ludicrously perplexed trying to get the unresponsive decoy to follow. In the past Mr. Hardy would never take the chance of losing a good bird by being a casual observer, whereas now he can sit long enough to admire them and listen to the talk. He admits that he rarely takes a gun with him anymore because his greatest enjoyment is in observation. Mr. Hardy, the once avid turkey hunter who truly experienced the thrill and excitement of sitting in a blind waiting for a gobbler to appear, now waits as a turkey-watcher.

Backpacking With Baby

By TOM EARLES
Culpeper



Those of us who backpack are well aware of the many benefits of this activity for adults, but how much more so for young developing minds which thrive on new experiences. Youngsters are wonderfully endowed with curiosity and a freshness of thought that is all too often diminished in adults by the pressures and the routine of everyday life.

It seems a tragic waste of opportunity to farm Baby out to relatives when Mom and Dad want to take a backpacking trip. Why not modify plans to include the young child on at least some of your trips?

Let common sense be your guide when planning a backpacking trip with a small child. There will be a great deal of variation in how much he will be able to tackle at different stages of his development. The weather and the terrain will have to be given extra considerations. The attitudes of "I can make it in any weather," and, "No trail is too steep for me," are



foolhardy when baby is along. It's not an exercise to "Separate the men from the boys," but rather a special time to include even the smallest of children. Don't hesitate to change plans if it looks like a thunderstorm is brewing or a rainy weekend is ahead. Safety and enjoyment are the prime considerations, and you can bet if your child doesn't have a good time, you won't either.

Finding a place to backpack will be no problem. In Culpeper we are near the Shenandoah National Park with several hundred miles of hiking trails. But even a hike across the meadow and through the woods of a friendly farmer can be a big trip to a youngster.

Perhaps you will have to trim some miles off your usual day's hike. To small eyes and short legs two miles may seem like twenty. I don't advocate carrying a small child for miles on your back. Not that a child is any heavier than a pack, but for the simple reason that a shorter trip with the child walking will be more beneficial to him.

Be prepared to sacrifice your pace also. Normally, "Keep a steady pace" is the backpacker's byword, but I believe the child should be allowed to set the pace and be permitted to stop and look at whatever his curiosity dictates. Of course, this is easier said than done and there have to be some limits. Even though it may get a little exasperating to stop every 10 feet in order to look at a lichen or a beetle, or a mushroom, or a spider web, or a feather, or a million other things that will catch his eye. If you don't give in to impatience you may find a strange and wonderful thing happening to you. You may find that you are once again viewing nature through the eyes of a child. You may rekindle in yourself some of that awe and curiosity in small things that children are blessed with, but which adults too often find trivial.

As an adult I really value the lessons in resourcefulness and efficiency I've learned through backpacking experiences. What better way to teach these things to a child? He may not be able to say "resourcefulness," but he will know what it is after a backpacking trip.

Be sure to give the child opportunities to feel he is

doing his part. Provide the toddler with a make-shift pack and let him carry something. Perhaps he could carry his sweater or a diaper or two. What he carries is not so important as it is for him to know he is doing "his share." Let him help pitch the tent. Granted, it will take ten times longer than if you did it by yourself, but the gleam of pride in his eyes when it's done and the "I helped" is worth it. Further, if you are in an area where campfires are allowed, even the youngest toddler can help gather twigs to start the fire. Again, he's part of the activity and he's learning responsibility. In a day when small children are so accustomed to the passive entertainment of television, the small backpacker will delight in having an active part in providing his own entertainment, and you can be sure he will be more excited over that campfire than any television program he's seen.

When it's time to turn in, don't be surprised if he has trouble going to sleep because of his excitement. This is a wonderful time to lie still and listen to the sounds of nature. Our Andrew was thrilled to hear owls and tried to imitate them for days after we returned home. Soon the wind in the trees and the lull of the stream work their somniferous magic and the child will sleep.

As the young backpacker sleeps you reflect on the day and rest in the assurance that you have given him something of great worth. Love of the outdoors is one of the single, most important aspects of our heritage parents can impart to their children. Its rewards are many and lasting. Certainly, the appreciation of the small and large wonders of nature is reason enough, in itself, to want these experiences for our children. The added benefits of resourcefulness and responsibility, and the contributions to health and well being from being outdoors are enormous. Beyond these personal rewards to the child, what better way of insuring wise stewardship of nature for all the children of the future to enjoy? When today's child becomes tomorrow's adult, how can he value the importance of preserving wilderness areas if he has never been introduced to the wilderness and grown to love it?

Where else are the returns so great and the investments so enjoyable than in backpacking with baby?

healing properties, so were the ferns. Spleenworts were named for their declared good in treating diseases of the spleen. The spleenwort, *Asplenium Trichomanes*, was also thought to stop hair loss and encouraged new growth for bald heads; and so it was called the maiden-hair spleenwort.

Not only were physical ailments attended with fern concoctions, but emotional as well. The common polypody, an evergreen fern that hangs in masses from the heights of limestone cliffs, was taken for release of anxiety and fearful dreams.

Ferns are used yet today. Brackens are gathered in the spring when yet rolled and sweet, and fried with butter-like wild asparagus. The lustrous deep green fronds of the Christmas fern are spread about mantles and windows during Yule for decoration, and the *spinulose* ferns, or fancy ferns, are arranged among flowers by florists for richness of color and design.

Ferns are varied in color and form. Some, as the lady fern, are lacy and feathery with cut and tapered leaflets that extend to the sides like wings fluttering in the breeze. Some, like the ostrich fern, are tall and coarse, standing as high as a man, giving the forest depth and the hiker difficulty in passing. And some, like the ebony spleenwort are small and frail, and patterned delicately. These are the ferns most easily identified.

The hart's tongue fern, leathery and strap-like, is called very rare and known to inhabit only a few stations on this continent. It is found in isolated areas, most of which are acclaimed for its presence.

The ferns deserve respect, for they offer much to the forests and the fields where they grow. Restful and easy they stand, a comfort to the unsettled spirit, a solace to the mind. With subtlety they expel a feeling of tranquility and well-being, offering a base on which to build dreams, on which to review fantasy.

ance. After a couple weeks of this daily routine, he was becoming noticeably more independent in his behavior, and at night began looking out the window with keen attention. He was showing signs of wanting to be free.

The third phase involved moving William entirely outdoors, but keeping him still within reach of human care. This was accomplished by erecting a temporary ring-perch for him on a farm in Amherst County. At first he would be tied to this perch, too, by a leash. A small house was nailed to a tree to provide shelter from the weather.

The site of this new home had been chosen with great care. It was removed some distance from the farm house, so William could get used to living away from constant human contact. It was also near a swampy area which would be a suitable habitat for him when he was completely free and on his own. The owners of the farm, William's new keepers, had agreed to feed him each day by placing food on the top of his house where it would be safe from marauders, and to provide him with water for drinking and bathing. Otherwise, he was left alone.

In about three weeks William had become decidedly leery of humans, and his responses were much more like those of a wild owl. We decided that the time had come to release him. Feeling trepidation, we cut the jesses, and William was released.

William continued to make nightly visits to his house and take the food left there each evening. But within two weeks his visits had become erratic, indicating that he was catching his own meals in the woods. In a short time, he ceased to take any food left for him, and was apparently self-sufficient. After years of confinement, William was once again living wild and free; he had returned to the woods, his original home.


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Edited by JIM KERRICK



TOURNAMENT SAFETY TIPS

Don't overload! This, along with speed in congested areas, is probably the most ignored boating safety rule.

Make sure that you carry all the required safety equipment. This of course varies according to the size and type of boat. Consult your *"Motorboat Owners Guide"*, if not sure.

Keep a sharp eye on the weather. Weather can change quickly, even on Kerr Reservoir a storm can build up in an unbelievably short time. Give yourself plenty of leeway to make it back to the dock and keep an eye out for places where you can run to shelter if the weather catches you out in the open.

High seats on bass boats are for comfortable fishing, not to be used when the boat is underway. Striking an underwater obstruction while underway when sitting in a high seat could easily throw you from the boat.

There are several types of "kill" switches. The switches are designed to cut the power completely off in the event the operator leaves his seat or is thrown over-

board. This safety device will cut down on the number of injuries, property damage, and fatalities. Is your boat equipped with a "kill" switch?

There are other boats using the water. When passing a small fishing boat, slacken your speed so that your wake will not swamp the boat. If you see another boater in trouble, give whatever aid you can. This is an unwritten but universal law. Trouble aboard a boat is different from trouble on land. There is nothing that a person can do except call for help, swim for help, or try to fix the problem. Remember, someday it might be your turn to need help.

Don't desecrate the water by throwing refuse overboard. Even if dumped in the middle of the lake, garbage and litter will float ashore to litter the shoreline.

Don't tie up to buoys or channel markers except in the case of an emergency and don't anchor in the middle of a channel. This interferes with traffic. Share the waterways. Others have as much right to the water as you do.

Non-swimmers should at all times wear a life saving device while the boat is underway.

If you follow the following check list you will have a safe and pleasurable tournament:

1. A CURRENT CERTIFICATE OF NUMBER ON BOARD
2. SOUNDING DEVICE
3. LIGHTS
4. FIRE EXTINGUISHER
5. BACKFIRE ARRESTOR
6. PERSONAL FLOTATION DEVICE

Boats up to 16 feet may use Type I, II, III or IV.

Boats 16 feet or more may use type I, II, or III. In addition there must be a throwable device on board.

You will no doubt observe in your travel on the lake, regulatory markers, indicating a "No Wake" zone, a diamond which indicates an "obstruction" and a diamond with a cross which indicates "No Boats." These buoys and/or markers were placed to protect you, other boaters and swimmers.

We hope you have a successful tournament and we welcome you to Virginia. In following the three "C's" courtesy, common sense and care, you will have a safe voyage.

A ZOO OWL



GOES HOME

By FRANK T. HANENKRAT
Appomattox

In April, five people assembled near a swampy woods in Amherst County. The group stood silent as someone imitated the call of a barred owl. Immediately from the depths of the woods came the owl's response, and everyone grinned delightedly: William was alive and well.

William, the owl that had just hooted, had only three weeks earlier been released after undergoing a lengthy course of rehabilitation. Prior to that, he had spent several years within the confines of Richmond's Maymont Zoo. He had been turned over to me for release into the wild.

Rehabilitation was necessary because the sedentary life in the restrictions of an indoor cage had reduced his physical stamina, made him psychologically dependent upon humans for food, and no doubt dulled his hunting abilities and general "owlmanship" in the wild. The process of rehabilitation was built around standard techniques employed in falconry.

The first phase of William's training consisted of simply allowing him the run of my rather large basement. In the zoo he had been in a wire enclosure approximately 6 X 7 feet square, and could barely get airborne. As a result, his flight muscles had grown

weak. But his basement room was about 20 X 30 feet, and contained only perches for William's use. There he could fly freely, and even fly continuously in a circle, if he chose. At first he stayed on a perch in a corner, withdrawing behind a screen I had put up to provide him with privacy. Within days, however, he began to fly from one perch to another. As his strength and stamina revived, it was gratifying to watch him progress from a labored, straight-line flight to an easy, owl-like flight characterized by graceful wingbeats and curving glides. The second phase involved getting William used to the outdoors. Any creature that has been in a small, confined space for an extended period can become bewildered and disoriented upon suddenly finding itself outdoors. Consequently, William was fitted with jesses (small leather straps attached to the legs by special non-tightening knots), swivel, and leash; and then was taken outdoors for short periods. He rode around the back yard perched on my gloved fist, and from the first seemed intently interested in what he could see. After several daily tours of the back yard, he was placed on a ring-perch to which his leash was tied, and left out for increasingly longer periods each day. We also gave him baths by sprinkling him with water from a garden hose. The effects of water, sunshine, and fresh air soon dispelled the musty odor from his

(continued on page 24)



Edited by MEL WHITE

76 Daffodil Show In Warsaw

The 42nd Annual Daffodil Show of The Garden Club of Virginia will be sponsored again this year by The Garden Club of the Northern Neck, and will be held at the Rappahannock Community College in Warsaw, Virginia.

The Show begins Saturday, April 10, 1976 at 3 P.M. with awards being presented by the President of The Garden Club of Virginia, Mrs. John D. Varner, at 3:30 P.M. Closing time that day is 8 P.M. On Sunday, April 11th, it will be open from 1 P.M. until 5 P.M.

The theme of the Show will be "The Bicentenary. A schedule of the classes, rules and awards may be obtained from Mrs. Benjamin B. Morris, Warsaw, Virginia 22617.

Exhibitors who wish to register early entries should contact Mrs. Norman Tingle, Mollusk, Virginia 22617.

The Northern Neck is situated between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, and is easily accessible to Williamsburg, Virginia as well as Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Washington, D.C. There were many Statesmen from this part of Virginia during the Revolutionary period. The first, fourth and fifth Presidents of the United States, George Washington, James Madison and James Monroe, were born on the Northern Neck, and the only two brothers who were Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Francis Lightfoot Lee and Richard Henry Lee were born in nearby Stratford Hall. So it is very appropriate that the Bicentenary Show of the Daffodil, an 18th century flower, should be held here.

FISH DIVISION PROMOTES BILL NEAL

Jack M. Hoffman, Chief of the Game Commission's Fish Division, has announced the promotion of William E. Neal to the position of Fish Management

SIMMONS NAMED ASSISTANT CHIEF

Mr. Gerald P. Simmons has been appointed to the recently created position of Assistant Chief of Law Enforcement, according to Virginia Game Commission Executive Director, Chester F. Phelps. Mr. Simmons new duties will include both in-service and pre-service game warden training activities. In addition, he will assist Chief John McLaughlin in various administrative duties, particularly those dealing with personnel.

Simmons has been with the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries since 1954, and has served in every game warden rank, most recently as Supervisor of Law Enforcement's Patrick Henry District. This highly populous district includes the city of Richmond as well as Amelia, Appomattox, Brunswick, Buckingham, Charles City, Charlotte, Chesterfield, Cumberland, Dinwiddie, Fluvanna, Goochland, Greensville, Henrico, Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, New Kent, Nottoway, Powhatan, Prince Edward and Prince George counties.

A native Virginian, Simmons attended Fork Union Military Academy and served with the U. S. Army's 82nd Airborne



Photo By Ann A. Rudy

Assistant Chief G. P. Simmons

Division. In addition to his law enforcement activities, Simmons is well known a breeder of hounds and as an expert in the field of fox hunting. In this capacity he is much in demand as a Field Trial Judge and has served on numerous occasions as "Master of Hounds" for the National Field Trials and the United States Open.

In announcing the appointment, Chief John McLaughlin said, "We are proud to have a person of such outstanding competence and ability as part of our administrative staff. Mr. Simmons brings with him a great deal of practical experience in field work and game warden training and will contribute much to effective game law enforcement in the future."



Fish Coordinator Bill Neal

Field Coordinator. Neal replaces Ray Corning, who resigned from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries to work

for the Federal Government in Washington D.C.

Bill Neal is originally from Stokesdale, North Carolina and received both his undergraduate degree and Masters Degree from North Carolina State in fish biology. He was employed as a district biologist with Virginia Game Commission in May of 1963 with primary responsibilities in the striped bass program.

In his new position Mr. Neal will assist the Chief of Fish Division in the various categories of Fisheries Management and Research. He and his wife, the former Carlene Joyner of Summerfield, North Carolina currently make their home in Lynchburg, VA.

Pass it on

What magic there is
in togetherness alone.
Unshared. Undivided.
Far away in your soft, green world
of solitude
of things to fill the dreams
of childhood:

The music of wind in the pines.
Firelight. Night sounds.
Only for a little while
will you stand
the tallest tree in the forest.
Capture those fleeting moments!

While the child is catching fish
fishing will catch the child.
And the child will need the green world
someone else gave to you.

Pass it on.

